Tasse à thé Brisé

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Tasse à thé Brisé

by Little_RedHots_Riding_Hood

Summary

Set arbitrarily between Trou Normand and Buffet Froid; what if Hannibal's plan for Will went awry before he could fully execute it? What might he learn in the process?

Notes

I am warning any readers right now: if you are looking for an incredibly complicated, deep, introspective story on the very nature of Hannibal (the show and the person), complete with obscure allusions to mythology and Dante, you won't find it here. This is angst and the fluff (with more angst) that follows... then smut.

See the end of the work for more notes

Preface

Will Graham woke sweating with the usual fever and confusion of his nightmares.

He did not recognize his surroundings.

Again, *normal.*

But usually only for a moment, before awareness would creep in and the images behind his eyes slither away to reveal either his home or a motel room.

They did not this time.

He hadn't had any nightmares.

He hadn't sweated because of them.

His head was *pounding;* worse, somehow, inexplicably *worse* than usual.

He tried to move to hold it, as if that would ease the immense *pressure,* the utter *agony* ricocheting through it.

He couldn't move.

Had he been restrained?

He couldn't lift his head to check.

His *entire body* hurt, *hurt, <u>hurt.</u>*

He tried to retreat into his head.

Remember, remember how you got here.

He had been working the latest case, a mass killer tastelessly – yet appropriately – dubbed: *The Dollmaker*. The name was fairly self-explanatory. At least twelve bodies had been discovered so far, all done up and presented like porcelain dolls.

There was still too little information on the killer, even with Will in the saddle.

Jack had been pushing too hard, too far, too often.

Will had retreated into himself and to Hannibal.

Hannibal.

He had been at Hannibal's house.

They had been having– not a therapy session, but a dinner.

Yes, they were sharing dinner, because they had agreed that they'd become close friends. He'd even begun calling Hannibal by his given name, the doctor saying that they no longer required such professional formalities. He'd brought a fine wine he'd recalled Hannibal mentioning once in favor, a rare red that Will had been all too excited to have found for a reasonable price. Perhaps… a little *too* thrilled, but he digressed. He had very few whom he could refer to as friends, and Hannibal was the closest to the top of that list with opposable thumbs.

So he'd been having a, once again, delicious dinner with Hannibal and quite enjoying the company… They had later retired to sit in front of the fire with a nicely aged whiskey, simply just chatting. It was an easy conversation, despite its admittedly morbid subject matter… Will had just begun to feel a gentle buzz from the alcohol and… he had been bidding Hannibal a good night… when the man had said… *something.* Something which was *important,* but he couldn't remember *what* exactly it was…

Shame… Guilt… society viewing it as 'wrong'…

He'd had some sort of revelation.

Something *big* – a key piece of a puzzle.

He'd had to go, to tell Jack.

Tell him <u>what?!</u>

It was so blurry after that.

A larger body behind him.

A sweet smelling cloth against his nose and mouth. *Chloroform.*

Darkness.

Waking up.

Here.

Where is here?

He didn't know. He couldn't panic, though. He had to stay calm.

He tried to compose himself by tapping a rhythm onto the hard surface upon which he lay.

But that quickly failed when he realized that *he couldn't.*

He couldn't feel the pressure of the surface against his fingers.

He couldn't feel his fingers, at all.

Nor his supposedly wiggling toes.

Not restrained.

Not numb.

But not at *all.*

He forced himself to lift his head, fighting past the *tempest* raging within, both mental and physical, and looked down. He had to know.

And then he felt his eyes rolling back and was last aware of his head falling back against the unforgiving flat surface.

Maybe it was due to the strain.

Maybe it was due to the pain.

Maybe it was due to what he saw.

Maybe it was all three combined and compounded.

But blackness rose up to meet him once he rose his head to look at his limbs.

Because they were gone.

Chapter 1

Will drifted for a long time, every now and then resurfacing for lesser periods of time, catching brief words here and there, but they never seemed to register as he heard them, and he was always pulled back under. Whenever he was semi-conscious, his body would throb in agony and fever, yet it seemed to be going numb. He felt equally numb and terrified when, at one point, he realized that he was most likely dying, ever so slowly.

He did not know how long this cycle of wake and sleep continued, but the intervals of semi-awareness grew further and further apart.

Will was scared.

No one would come for him would they?

He would just be another mutilated body, found by some stranger, who would call the police, and then he would be added to an investigation. And then he would be just another file in some metal cabinet somewhere. His remains would then be buried and that would be that. The lonely end of Will Graham. No one would really mourn him nor miss him nor visit his grave…

Wait…

No…

That isn't right…

Hannibal would-

Hannibal would-

Hannibal-

Darkness.

…

…

…

…

…

…

…

It had been the longest length of darkness yet. Will didn't know how he was aware of this, nor how it would most likely be his last.

Will had almost resigned himself to his end now, his final heartbeats echoing through his sweat-slicked body. His breaths rattled his now thin chest. He hadn't been fed nor watered. He was tired. His quite possibly final sleep beckoned to him and he tried to fight it. But he was so *tired.*

He allowed his eyes to shut.

A rather… well, relatively *peaceful end for Will Graham.*

And then…

Voices.

No, *shouting.*

Banging.

Far.

Violence.

Gunshots.

Loud, thumping footsteps.

Closer.

Pounding.

Crashing.

Very close.

Light.

Hands touching him.

Gentle.

Panicked voices.

Being lifted.

Here.

Safe.

Sleep.

Chapter 2

The familiar tempo of beeping greeted Will when he next woke up. The hard surface was gone, replaced by a soft mattress beneath him. It was such a pleasant change from that hard surface that he barely even felt the lumps in the stuffing. He next became aware of that harsh, chemical scent surrounding him, burningly sterile. But that, too, was far better that the heavy odor of his own metallic blood and… *other* substances which he had been forced to endure. His mouth felt as dry as a desert and he knew that any attempt at speech would be both painful and pointless. Speaking of pain, that of his body had now been reduced to a dull throbbing.

He waited for all of this to settle in him before risking opening his eyes-

And quickly shutting them once more.

All of that time accustomed to darkness and a single, dimly lit bulb above him had left his eyes utterly unprepared for the blinding brightness surrounding him.

Tears gathered in his closed lids as he allowed himself a small whimper. Having forced himself to remain silent throughout his entire endeavor, he was now entitled to just a bit of repose, as it was – *hopefully* - over at last. Yet even that slight noise had chafed at his throat upon its exit.

The whimper had apparently alerted his awareness to another, unknown presence in the room as, behind his lids, he saw the harsh light dim to a far more comfortable level.

Hesitantly, he slid his eyes open once more, allowing them to roam around the room he was laying in.

A light blue hospital room, bare of almost any furnishings or décor, meant for single patient use.

Then he turned his head to see the one who had turned the light down for him, who had been sitting beside him and waiting for him to awaken for who knew how long.

And his breath caught in his burning throat.

“Hello, dear William.”

And the tears finally spilled over, down his freshly shaven cheeks.

Hannibal.

And he smiled, broken.

Chapter 3

"Hello, dear William."

Hannibal.

Hannibal was here.

Hannibal had been watching over him at his bedside while he slept, just like he had with Abigail.

He began to attempt to sit up, to shift, to make any move needed to get just a bit closer to his friend. And that alerted him to what had happened. Reminded him of what he had seen with his own two eyes.

They were gone.

But… maybe… he really *had* just been hallucinating?

He was grasping at straws, he knew it. But he was so very close to drowning now, he wanted to deny the entire possibility that… that…

They were gone.

So he tried again, to move closer to Hannibal – just his arm, just to simply reach towards the man – only for pain to rocket up what remained of his limb.

The tears fell faster. He hadn't known that they'd never stopped.

He was beginning to panic, eyes darting around, trying to find an anchor.

Hannibal.

Blue quickly moved to lock onto burgundy.

Just focus on them.

He was so focused on keeping eye contact with Hannibal – still hard, but Hannibal was nearly the only person that Will could handle prolonged exposure to – that he started at the feel of a hand lightly brushing through his curls. It set off a vicious chain reaction, the movement sending more pain through his body, which forced a hiss of pain from his lips, which stung at his throat, which made his eyes continue to water and overflow.

The tears were gently wiped away by a slightly calloused thumb, warm, reassuring. He clung to the feel of that hand, it was all he had to hold on to, mentally and emotionally. And, if what had happened to him… had really *happened,* then… well, he wouldn't really be able to physically hold onto anything anymore, would he?

He closed his eyes and leant into the palm.

And then the hand disappeared.

The loss of that hand nearly pulled the ground out from underneath the world Will was trying to keep together with everything he had. Everything he had wasn't enough. He needed help. He needed *Hannibal. Where was he? Why did he leave?!*

He barely noticed the fire blazing in his throat as he let out a weak, broken cry.

Pathetic.

But he didn't care. He *was* pathetic. And he needed that hand to come back.

Thank God it did.

"Shhh, hush Will, hush," it was said so softly, a near whisper, soothing against his ears, a rock to cling to within all of his panic, "I will not leave you, I swear it. Allow me to get you some water, I will not be but a moment," *no, no please don't let me go! I don't care about the water – please!*

He'd never felt so small and lost and *afraid,* not even when he was all alone on that hard surface in that dark room.

Please come back…

Fingers threaded through his hair, gently rubbing at his scalp.

"Hush William, I am back," *thank you thank you thank you*, "Open your eyes and see; I haven't left."

He obeyed and looked up. The image was blurry with tears, but there was Hannibal, closer than before, smiling gently down at him, "There we are. I am here, my dear Will. I am here and you are safe."

Will allowed a watery smile, somehow sadder than the last. Hannibal clearly noticed this as his eyes… *tightened.* The fingers began to delicately card through his hair, pausing every few seconds to fondle a stray curl.

"You've been hurt, Will, terribly so, and it pains me deeply to say this, but recovery will not be any easier. But I swear to you that I will not allow you to be alone in this, nor in your mind. I shall keep you safe throughout all of this and after. For now though, gentle Will, you must rest. I will watch over you and keep your nightmares at bay; you have already suffered enough of them in reality. But before you sleep, you must drink some water, alright?"

Will gave no assent, but the hand was now at the back of his head, tilting it upwards as a plastic cup was raised to his lips. A gentle stream was poured in and felt so relieving that he quickly tipped his head down to thicken the flow. Immediately, more poured in and it was too much, overflowing past his lips and draining down his throat, leaving him a choking, coughing, spluttering mess. And wet. And now his throat was a raging *inferno.*

“Shh, shh, *shh,* it’s okay, Will. You drank it too quickly. You can only have a little bit at a time. I am sorry, I was unprepared to prevent you from taking too much. Here, let us try again. Allow me to guide you; trust me, William. I will take care of you.”

And Hannibal did. Will trusted him and let himself fall limp, back into Hannibal’s hand. The water was a steady trickle and he accepted all that was given. It cascaded down his throat, a soothing balm against the enflamed nerves.

As he drank, his eyes grew heavy once more, and he felt the siren song of sleep beckoning to him. The cup was delicately pulled away and his head returned to the pillow, the warm hand migrating to gently cup the side of his face. Somehow, he knew that his dreams would hold no horrors for him, and that allowed him to let go. After nuzzling into the hand and sending Hannibal one final, grateful, small smile, of course.

Safe.

End Notes

These chapters probably won't be very long, sorry. And I don't have all that many...
Comments, though, are welcome.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!